

Bailing Out Cal Expo Presents Major Headaches

SACRAMENTO — (CNS) — Among the many knotty financial problems the state legislature has to solve this year will be the "bailing out" of Cal Expo, which is more generally known as the state fair based in Sacramento, on a brand new site with an estimated \$36 million worth of facilities, and no funds available to operate on the scale originally planned for a super-dooper show.

for saving the state fair, and are not likely to be until Governor Ronald Reagan's budget for 1969-70 hits the floor, this does not mean the state's legislators are ignoring the problem. And from preliminary reports, the chances for a substantial sum to maintain Cal Expo look rather dim. Assemblyman Harvey Johnson, D-El Monte, chairman of the 1968 committee on government organization which held hearings on the plight of the

fair, says he doubts that the legislature will be willing to commit any additional tax funds for development "without significant involvement of the city and county of Sacramento." The committee's report, due early next month, may or may not have some effect on action of the legislature. It may be because it has devoted much time and study to the problem, and it may not because of the changes in the assembly set-up this year. Johnson, a Democrat, does not

expect to remain as chairman, so the report will get a going over by a new Republican-controlled group which probably will follow the recommendations of the administration in regard to the fair's future. Meanwhile, Johnson is urging Sacramento city and county participation in the matter of consolidating a proposed community center with Cal Expo facilities, which he says would solve at least some of the financial problems of the fair, and at the same time save the taxpayers of

Sacramento around \$6 million. But there are complications to this answer. The city appears to be adamant concerning building the multi-million dollar center in downtown Sacramento as a device to pep up the slowly deteriorating business area. And this despite the fact that the people of Sacramento voted down bond financing several years ago for this proposed project. Johnson pointed out that demands on California's tax resources today are greater than

the funds available. This is particularly true in Sacramento, where taxes were raised this year in an amount which eats up the property tax relief voted by the state last year. "I am sufficiently convinced of the benefits of consolidation," Johnson said, "to the taxpayers of the state and Sacramento that I intend to recommend that no additional funds be invested in Cal Expo without a substantial commitment from the city and county. "In view of the facts, I can't

understand how to go ahead with the center project in Sacramento without continuation." Actually, the people of Sacramento can't see it either, voted the center also, having the suspicion that downtown community may turn out to be a bobble like Cal Expo. It begins to look like two combined into one may some saving graces.

Your Right to Know Is the Key to All Your Liberties Comment and Opinion

C-2 PRESS-HERALD WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1969

Pampered Darlings

A most peculiar bill, designed to disprove the old saying that "all's fair in love, war and election campaigns," has been given the assembly by Leroy F. Greene, D-Sacramento.

This is AB 50, which the Sacramento assemblyman presented after a somewhat hard-fought and bitter campaign last fall, in which he emerged victor over the Republican candidate, who was Maynard Nelson, well-known insurance executive and Republican leader in the county.

Usually, politicians let well enough alone when they come out on the winning side, and the rules of the game are that "all is forgotten" once the final votes are counted.

But not so Greene, who has come up with the measure which would in effect, preclude a challenger for a legislative seat from even quoting the record of the incumbent, which is a matter of public record anyhow in senate and assembly journals, with out first presenting what the challenger has to say about the incumbent legislator.

Under the proposal, copies of all statements or campaign literature "mentioning or reflecting on voting record or official actions of an incumbent or former public, would have to be submitted before issued.

And if the incumbent happened not to like the statement, he could call for a five-man arbitration board to "investigate and report" on violations. Further, if the arbitration board ruled in favor of the incumbent, he could collect the costs of the investigation.

This is something like requiring a business firm to submit an advance copy of its advertising program to a competitor, who could then use it to wipe out competition, or perhaps requiring a newspaper to submit copies of its exclusive stories to its opposition.

Misrepresentation is something else again, but here the incumbent is protected by libel and slander laws already on the statute books of California.

If the incumbent feels he is misquoted or "reflected upon" by his competition, he has the privilege of filing a libel or slander suit the same as any other citizen who might be libeled or slandered. There seems to be no reason why incumbent legislators should be protected by special laws, drawn for their own benefit and passed by themselves, while the ordinary citizen has no such protection.

In other words, Greene's bill is another step in making legislators the pampered darlings of society, at public expense.

And aside from these objections to the bill, it would infringe on the freedom of the press, for the simple reason that the press, in publishing questioned material, could become party of an incumbent's legal immunity and in turn, deny the public the "right to know."—HCM

THE ENLIGHTENED BRIGADE



Meanwhile, Back At th Ranch



ROYCE BRIER Flying Saucer Theories Dinged Again By Experts

In Star Trek the ship called the Enterprise visits a new planet every week, where it is an unidentified object, or UFO. These planets are inhabited by some weirdies of the flying-saucer type but, though the Enterprise is as American as apple pie, you can't prove it ever visited the Earth. So with UFO, the jolly of our postwar period — a group of scientists under gov-

ernment urge has reported it can find no evidence of UFO hereabout, or expects to within 10,000 years. But don't think this will silence the flying saucer folk, who only take skepticism of their sightings as proof

of a conspiracy to discredit them. If you imagine the sun as a basketball, diameter one foot, then the earth is a BB shot 110 feet distant, and the giants Jupiter and Saturn are marbles 500 and 1,000 feet away, respectively.

Then if you grant the sun is a star, the nearest sister star is another basketball named Alpha Centauri, on our distance-scale near Salt Lake City. On the same scale, there are 18 other stars, some larger some smaller than a basketball, in a radius ranging from Boston to Honolulu.

But this 100-light year area is an exceedingly small patch in our Galaxy, about one-thousandth of it. The Galaxy is populated by about 80 billion stars, but there are X billions of galaxies which are really remote, nobody has any count of them.

Now with some quadrillions of stars roundabout, there are bound to be some like our sun, which is average in magnitude, mass and heat and at least trillions of these have planetary systems. Scaling that down, it means there are at least millions of planets resembling Earth, and that means life in some forms and stages of development.

But the chance we will ever physical encounter this life is so remote as to be laughable. Communication is something else again, for there is radiation, and so far as we know it covers limitless distance in emission of light and pulsation of energy. But it is limited to light-year velocity, so any signal from an object 10,000 light

years distant started 10,000 years ago, and any signal started today will be received (if anybody is here to receive it) in 11,969 A.D.

The Enterprise of course doesn't suffer from this limitation, so it ranges the universe at will, but alas, the will resides in a special effects studio in Hollywood.

Quote

Kindness is the language which the deaf can hear and the blind can see. — Madge Sheline in the Hessville-Woodmar (Ind.) Lite.

The Lord helps those who help themselves. All others should contact the government. — A. J. Hudson, the Olustee (Okla.) Chieftain.

It is literally true that wherever we look in the world, widespread ignorance and prosperity simply do not go together. — John R. O'Dea.

What this really means is that the seniority system is discarded when it does not suit their purpose. But it isn't discarded when it serves them. — Senator Howard Wray on committee appointments.

It is a simple fact that Regent's meetings would not be used for personal political purposes if elected state officials did not serve on the board. — Assemblyman William T. Bagley.

Those who sell dangerous drugs to a minor or to anyone should be made to pay for his crime. To me, these criminals are in the same category as one who would murder.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

Hayakawa Dons His Tan Clubbers Rise to Cheer

Caenfetti: In his role as jazz buff, Prof. Hayakawa was ringsiding at Bimbo's 365 Friday night to root for Duke Ellington; when the Dooker introduced him, the Professor arose and put on his tan o'shantier, at which the entire audience gave him a standing ovation. The fact that they could all rise to their feet shows how few serious drinkers there were in the crowd that night . . . Protests are getting stylisher and stylisher. Last Friday, about 250 of the best-dressed people you ever saw marched from Colton Hall in Monterey to PG&E headquarters — a mile away — to protest the yellowish cloud of smog being spewed by P GE's new monster of the power plant at Moss Landing, dirtying the sky from Santa Cruz to Big Sur. In the line of march were such Pebble Beach heavies as Col. and Mrs. Allen Griffin and Mrs. Harry Hunt, and when Pebble Beachers can get concerned about anything besides excess profits taxes, it's a new world. Short hair, yet!

File & Forget: San Francisco on a foggy day "is like living inside a great gray pearl," I quoted the other day, adding that I didn't know who composed that delicious description but hoped somebody did. So far no results except a note from John Hodson of Redlands, where, he says, "life is like living inside a glowing golden egg yolk, and just about as smelly" . . . The precious few: San Francisco's cable car fleet now numbers just 39, so step lightly aboard them and don't bend the hard-

ware. They don't make 'em like that any more and they never will. . . .

Scraping bottom: Frozen food in expensive restaurants is annoying enough, but I know

one "world-famed" place that can't even THAW it properly . . . On the other hand, at a place like La Bourgoigne, you are always warned if a certain hard-to-get item — Dover sole, for instance — is frozen that night (it's generally fresh there, but shipments are sometimes delayed). Incidentally, whereas the restaurant and sa-loon business is slow these days, I was pleased to see people waiting for tables in this fine place Thursday night. Quality does pay . . . Another place that was appropriately jammed last week: Doro's . . . Anthony Hall, the noted interior designer, has moved into the Royal Suite at the Huntington, to refurbish it while living in it. He did it once for Princess Margaret and yet again for Rainier and Grace, so I guess somebody really big is on the way. Joe Namath, maybe . . . License plate on Bannan's Mortuary limousine in Oakland: ZZZ 621. Subliminal advertizzing?

Remember Clark Kerr? If so, you'll enjoy this recent remark of his: "The circumstances under which I assumed the Presidency of the University of California and those under which I left were identical. In both cases I was fired with enthusiasm!"

Stokely Carmichael is reputed ready to shuck these United States in favor of Tanzania and my Dar es Salaam soul (nobody should be without on reports that Eldridge would welcome there, too. "The radicals don't dig Havana any longer," he adds. "No action man, Dullsville" . . . Rando House, never averse to a fa-buck, is publishing "Eldrid, Cleaver" on Feb. 27 — a collection of speeches and other leftovers — and if you see his autographing copies at your book store, kindly notify the FBI . . . The city, trying of various new street signs, has installed a huge "MASON" right in front of the Curr Theater, which happens to be in the middle of a block. This may account for all the cars that went careening across the stage while the d'Oyly Cart were there.

Now then: Business at a new hungry i being a little slow side, Enrico Bandu has cancelled out Phyllis Iler, who was scheduled to of there Feb. 14 at \$29,000 for nights . . . If you still call Frank Sinatra doesn't RE-ALY have an apartment in S. despite all the wild public honorary S.F. citizenship, other hoopla. What the main boils down to is this n le hill: his friend Dar Schwartz has a wild pad in new apt. house at Jackson Franklin, which Frank use if and when he visits — and so much for bligg d

WILLIAM HOGAN

Rube Goldberg's Wacky World of Gadgets Shown

"Rube Goldberg 1. Having a fantastically complicated, improvised appearance: a Rube Goldberg arrangement of flasks and test tubes, 2. deviously complex and impractical: a Rube Goldberg scheme for reducing taxes. Also, Goldbergiam, Rube." — The Random House Dictionary of the English Language.

Goldberg recalls that when he was a student in the College of Mining at UC, Berkeley, around the turn of the century, a professor of physics, one Frederick Slade, devised a machine by which the weight of the earth could be determined — a system of tubes, retorts, odds and ends. He called it a "Barodik." Goldberg felt that "Barodik" was a masterpiece of nomenclature; in effect he "went Barodik." Later, as a budding cartoonist, he recalls:

"I merely broadened the scope of the Barodik by adding mice, rising yeast, toy windmills, midgets and other elements working in a chain reaction to accomplish something trivial."

Goldberg, now in his 86th year, informally narrates his career in a "retrospective exhibition" of his work, "Rube Goldberg vs. The Machine Age," edited by Clark Kinnaird. With the memoirs and annotations, this is a rousing tribute to this giant of modern pictorial humor. He began his career in the San Francisco Chronicle's art department at \$8 a week, thus defying his parents who had grander plans for young Reuben, such as being a draftsman and engineer, a practical application of this crazy urge to draw.

Goldberg moved on to New York and during the following half century became the father of some 34 comic strips and panels including such classics as Boob McNutt and Lala Palooza. But it was the mad, mad Goldberg inventions on which his reputation centered — an Automatic Suicide Device for Unlucky Stock Brokers; How to Be Your Own Dentist; a Device for the Extermination of Meths — as the Random House Dictionary so aptly notes.

In a rhapsodic introduction, Kinnaird places Goldberg in the realistic, humanistic tradition established by Giotto, in the spirit of the two Breughels, Goya, Gustave Dore, Cruikshank, Delacroix, De Mauiet and George Grosz, among oth-

ers. They don't make 'em like that any more and they never will. . . .

— Abe Mollinkoff

Browsing Through the World of Books

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Morning Report

A very rich country like the United States, like a very rich individual, can throw around money any way it wants to. And probably the most extravagant gesture in recent years is the half million spent on a report proving our skies are not infested with flying saucers from outer space.

All the so-called reports in recent years were clearly figments of imagination, frauds, or plain foolishness. It was clear from the beginning of these sightings that anybody who travelled a minimum of 25 million million miles would not be content to end his journey in the Arizona desert or some equally improbable place.

At the very least he would plan a weekend in New York or San Francisco.

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